

On Having to Give Bad News

It Matters: Lessons from My Son

*by
Janice Fialka, MSW, ACSW*

Illustrated with permission

Poem by Janice Fialka, MSW, ACSW

Fialka, J. (1997, 2001). *It matters: Lessons from my son*. Huntington Woods, MI: Author.

Contact Information:
Janice Fialka, MSW, ACSW
10474 LaSalle
Huntington Woods, MI 48070
248-546-4870
ruaw@aol.com

On Having to Give Bad News

You have chosen this work



On Having to Give Bad News

You must deliver the harsh words to parents
who pace in the middle of the dark night



On Having to Give Bad News

Hero

It is a hero's job
But doesn't feel like one

On Having to Give Bad News

Hero

No one celebrates your achievements
Or asks you,
Under the bright lights of TV cameras:
“What does it feel like to be a hero?”

On Having to Give Bad News

If they asked me
-one of the parents who pace-
I'd tell them



On Having to Give Bad News

You forge into burning buildings
where scorching flames melt dreams
and noxious fumes choke back hope



On Having to Give Bad News

You extend your hand
pulling us out of the blazing heat
that consumes what we know and love



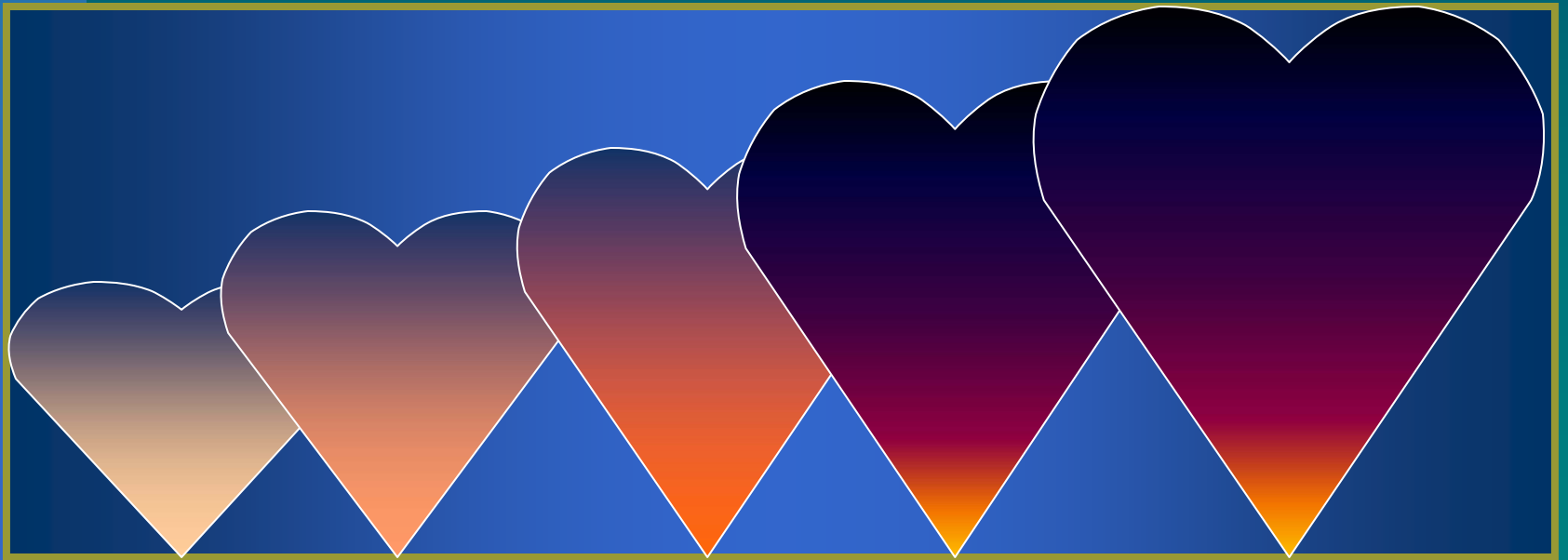
On Having to Give Bad News

You sit with us in smoke-filled rooms
that blind us from seeing the child we bore



On Having to Give Bad News

You search for gentler ways
to say the words that
sing our hearts



On Having to Give Bad News

and you do this over
...and over
...and over

On Having to Give Bad News

Don't be afraid to touch your lips
with the same drops of cool water
you tenderly offer to us



On Having to Give Bad News



There will be more of us who need you,
dear hero.

